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OCT

# HACK/SLASH

# BODY BAGS

20 BLOODY YEARS
2004-2024

# HACK/SLASH: BODY BAGS

## "ONE NIGHT IN TERMINUS"
## PART ONE: "BEFORE NIGHTRISE"

SCRIPT BY
**TIM SEELEY**

ART BY
**STEFANO CASELLI**
WITH **STEVE KURTH**

COLOR BY
**KURT MICHAEL RUSSELL**

LETTERS BY
**CRANK!**

COVER A BY
**STEFANO CASELLI**
**SARAH MITRACHE**
WITH STEFANO NESI

COVER B BY
**DARICK ROBERTSON**
**CARLOS BADILLA**

COVER C BY
**TIM SEELEY**
**KURT MICHAEL RUSSELL**

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JASON PEARSON, CREATOR OF BODY BAGS.

"D.I.P. (DRAW IN PEACE)
AT LEAST IN HEAVEN, THERE ARE NO ERASERS OR DEADLINES."

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**TONE RODRIGUEZ**
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4:41 AM

FRIDAY.

TODAY IS THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PASSING OF ONE OF THE BADDEST GANGBANGERS EVER TO SIP A BUCKET OF PEACH TEA AND STRAIN A HAMMOCK.

BAYWATCH 2 THE CRIMSON TSUNAMI

POUR ONE THE FUCK OUT, BROS.

WE MISS YA, MOMMY.

FUCK THE CHEESESTEAK THAT DONE YOU IN.

AND THE FRIES TOO.

YO. HEY. BROS...

...I GOT AN EVEN BETTER WAY TO HONOR MOM...

HEY, 'SUP YOU MOROSE MOTHER-FUCKER?

WHEN YOU'RE DONE GIVIN' RESPECT, HOW ABOUT YOU GIVE US ALL YOUR MAJOR CREDIT CARDS?

I... I CAME SO FAR...

...TO COME HOME.

GHT.

TT.

WH--

SLITCH

AND I DIDN'T COME EMPTY-HANDED.

THE GIRL WITH THE SUN IN HER BREAST...

SHE GAVE ME SOME OF HER LIGHT, TO BRING TO THE DARKESS.*

BUT I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE. NOT IF YOU'RE GONE, MY LOVE.

SO, FOR ALL YOU GAVE ME, I'M GIVING THE LIGHT TO YOU.

USE IT. FIND YOUR KILLER.

SPLAK

GET VENGEANCE, MY *VALENTINE*--->:(

CISCO VALENTINE
BOUNTY DIRECTOR. BOSS BITCH.
SHE WAS A FAT. UGLY. CHICK.

*SEE HACK/SLASH: KILL YOUR IDOLS.

AWFFLE HOUSE

THIS IS BAD.

AWFFLE HOUSE

SOUTH

US 99

...CRATER TO BE OFFICIALLY NAMED **OJ SIMPSON VALLEY...**

THE MAP OR THE NUCLEAR-HOT, SOUTHERN-FRIED WOOD SOAKED IN SUGAR SLIME THAT WE ORDERED?

THIS SLASHER... **EDGELORD...**

*UGH.* I MISS WHEN ALL OUR MASKED PSYCHOS WERE CALLED, LIKE, "WENDELL TARKLETON" OR WHATEVER.

IF HE HAS CONTINUED ON HIS PATH, THEN WE ARE GOING TO BE HUNTING IN ***TERMINUS,*** YES?

THIS IS THE TOWN THAT DOESN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT THE REST OF THE COUNTRY'S LAWS RIGHT?

"THE OLD WEST DOWN SOUTH."

***HRRM.*** IT IS A CITY OF MERCENARIES AND BOUNTY HUNTERS, WHERE THE ONLY LAW IS "SURVIVE AND GET RICH," **CASSANDRA...**

...IT IS CITY OF THE **BODY BAGGERS.**

WE MUST BE VERY VIGILANT, YES?

MEN'S ROOM'S NEXT DOOR, MAN.

OH. **HURRR.** THANK YOU.

OH, ALSO, THERE IS **CYBORGS.**

NATURALLY.

*...THIS MORNING WHEN THE GROUNDSKEEPER AT **CARPENTER PARK CEMETERY** MADE THE SHOCKING DISCOVERY OF THREE BODIES, AMIDST VANDALIZED GRAVES...*

**HURR.** TEENAGE VICTIMS ON THE TV?

YOU KNOW IT.

CASSANDRA. I AM CONCERNED ABOUT YOU. YOU HAVE BEEN... IRREGULAR--

TIME TO WAKE UP, SPLAT-STICK.

"IT'S BRAINING MEN, HALLELUJAH, IT'S BRAINING MEN, ♪♫ AMEN..." ♫♪

HRM. YES. THEN LET US SHOW TERMINUS HOW **WE** BAG A BODY, YES?

FUCK YES, BIG GUY.

"WAIT... DO WE HAVE TO GET A PERMIT OR SOMETHING?"

GUNPOWDER MORALITY
starring Tony Maverick

more than mere human... BORG BABES

RIP JTP 1970-2022

THX TIM

WOW! STEFANO CAN DRAW

4:03 PM

BRING IT ON, DELGADOS! *LOS BROS. BÁRBAROS* ARE *REAAADY!*

4:48 PM

BUT *DAAADEEE!* I DON'T *WANNA* GO!

TERMINUS DA BOSS

I ALREADY *KNOW* HOW TO SHOOT! I GOT *"THE EYE"!* I TOOK DOWN CISCO AFTER THE BUTCH BITCH *BETRAYED* US!

YEAH, AND YOU ALSO JUST KILLED OUR SKIP, INSTEAD OF SPLITTING THE BOUNTY WITH *LOS BROS.*-- MEANING NO ONE GETS SHIT!

I DON'T WANT YOUR DUMB LIL' ASS EMBARRASSIN' ME AGAIN.

SO YOU'RE SPENDING THE NIGHT WITH ALL THE OTHER *BABY BAGGERS* AT *FINISHING-OFF SCHOOL,* AND COMING BACK "IMMERSED" IN SOMETHING USEFUL.

BUT I JUS' FINALLY FOUND YOU AFTER ALLA THESE YEARS! AN' NOW YOU'RE DITCHIN' ME FOR 24 FRIGGIN' HOURS?

WHAT WOULD *MOM* SAY?

YOU JUS' GAVE ME MY OWN GUN, EVEN!

*LOOK!* I WENT FROM *SOLO CHOLO* TO BEING THE SINGLE PARENT OF A HOTHEAD, VINDICTIVE, TEENAGE HORMONE BEAST OVERNIGHT!

YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T JUST CUT MY LOSSES AND STUFF YOU IN DA BOSS'S GODDAMN TRUNK!

*NOW!* TAKE THIS FLYER AND GET OUT!

"HOW TO SPLIT A BOUNTY (AND A PERSON)"? "MASKS AND INTIMIDATING PRESENCES"? WHAT DA FUCK IS DIS SHIT?!

USEFUL INFORMATION. THE GIG CAN'T BE BLING AND BOMBS ALL THE TIME--

*MR. CLOWNFACE...*

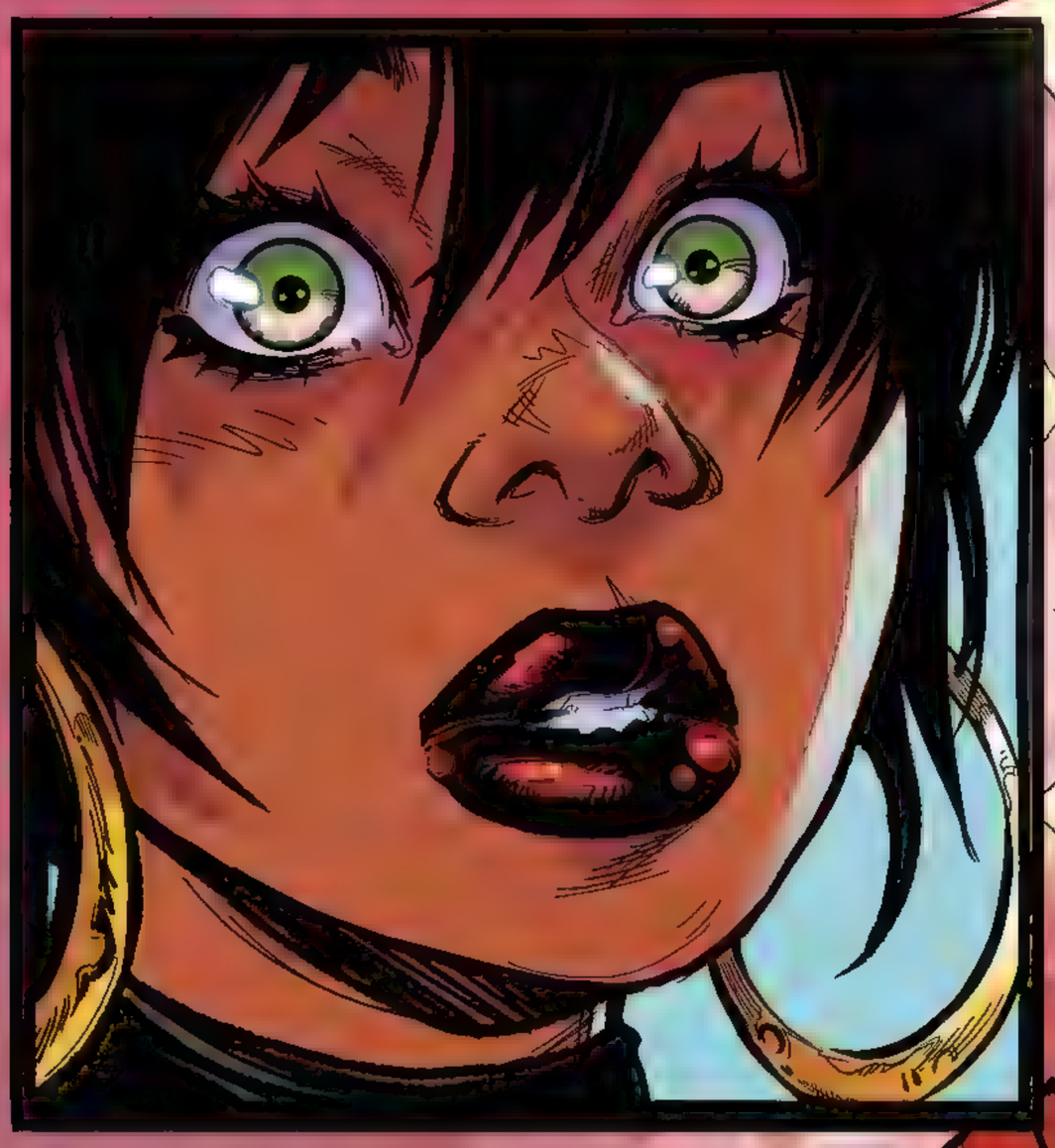
...THANK YOU FOR TRUSTING US WITH YOUR *PROTETTA.* ***MS. DELGADO.*** ONLY APPROVED TRAINING GEAR IS ALLOWED ON SCA PREMISES FOR THE LOCK-IN SESSION.

IF YOU'D PLEASE GIVE UP YOUR WEAPON?

HMP. ANY OTHER STOOPID RULES, BIG DADDY?

YEAH. NO BOYS. NOTHING WITH EVEN THE HINT OF A TESTICLE. YOU TIE THEM HORMONES UP IN CHAINS. YOU FEEL ME, PANDA?

PFFT. ARE THERE EVEN ANY BOYS HERE? ALL I SEE IS LITTLE BITCHES--



SIGH. I'D FINALLY FIGURED HOW IT ALL WORKED. FINALLY.

AND THEN *SHE* CAME ALONG...

UH, YEAH. I FEEL YOU. NOW MAYBE I'LL GO FEEL ON *DAT.*

BYE, DADDY-MACK!

5:39 PM

WEST TERMINUS.

GRAMPA! *GRAMPAAA!* HEY!

GRAMPA! I NEED SOME MORE... HYDROCODONE! IT HURTS!

MINOTAURMINATOR

HOLD ON! I WAS GETTIN' THE DOOR!

...FIVE LOW PAYMENTS OF $199.99 GETS YOU YOUR VERY OWN LIMITED EDITION **WOLFSPIDER** CYBORG ASSAULT UNIT...

YOU GOT A VISITOR! A LITTLE WHITE LADY!

*BLACK ANGUS?* I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS.

WHO'RE YOU... SUPPOSED TO BE? I DIDN'T ORDER NO BITCH...

GOTH SLUTS... AIN'T MY THING...

*=SIGH=*

HNNGMMF!

LOOK, I CAN BE NICE. REALLY. BUT IF THIS TOWN WANTS TO DO MEAN?

WELL, COW-BOY, I CAN DO MEANER THAN THE GRINCH.

EDGELORD.

GH... GH... GHHHHH...

HIS BAGGER APPLICATION'S FROM THE LAST DECADE. I GOT THEM ONLINE. MOST OF THEM LIST *YOU* AS A BOUNTY SHARE. YOU KNEW HIM.

MY QUESTION IS... DO YOU KNOW HIM NOW?

*HNH.* YEAH! WE USED TO TRACE SKIPS... FOR *CISCO VALENTINE!*

PLEASE! I GOT GUTSHOT! *TWICE!*

T-THAT WAS THE THING... CISCO VALENTINE ALWAYS HAD SHIT TASTE IN BAGGERS BESIDES ME...

KAP

THEY ALWAYS LEFT HER DRY IN THE END...

EDGE. JANUS. I WAS THE ONLY ONE THERE... UNTIL THE BITTER END.

EDGE... HE RAN OFF.. TO JOIN SOME "***MAGISTRATE*** STRIKE TEAM" A FEW YEARS BACK. "FORCE STORM" OR "STORM FORCE"... WHATEVER... HEARD HE GOT HIS DUMB ASS DISAPPEARED.

HE'S BACK. HE CARVED UP SOME LOW-RENT CRIMINALS IN ***MYRTLE BEACH.*** MOSTLY POT DEALERS. ALL TEENAGERS.

THAT MAKES HIM MY BUSINESS, AND I THINK HE'S ***HERE.***

AIN'T SURPRISED. HYPOCRITE MOTHERFUCKER. THOUGHT BAGGIN' WAS "FIGHTING EVIL." S'WHY I NEVER LIKED HIM.

Y'KNOW WHO HE ***WAS*** TIGHT WITH?

***MACK DELGADO.*** REAL "PATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS MAN" SHIT BETWEEN 'EM. HE'S ON SOME OF THOSE BOUNTY SHARES TOO. YOU FIND ***CLOWNFACE,*** I BET YOU FIND EDGE.

SHE GONE ALREADY? I WAS GONNA LOOK AT 'ER SOME MORE.

SHIT, I'VE BEEN AROUND SOME PSYCHOS AND... ***WEDNESDAY ADDAMS?*** SHE'S BURIED MORE BODIES THAN... A GOLD STAR BAGGER.

BIG SACK OF SACKLER

AND 'CUZ OF MY BIG BRAIN? NOW SHE GONNA... BURY CLOWNFACE.

*HHHH HHHH HHHHHH...*

DON'T TALK WITH YER MOUTH FULL, BOY!

THWAK

IN THE MEANTIME, WE KNOW EDGELORD STILL THINKS HE'S SOME KIND OF "CRIMEFIGHTER" DESPITE BEING A REANIMATED DEAD MANIAC.

USUALLY, KIDS DON'T ADVERTISE THEIR ILLEGAL GATHERINGS ON THE SOCIALS BUT MAYBE I CAN STUMBLE ON A WAREHOUSE RAVE, OR A DRUG MARKET, OR A...

HE HAS SEEN THE SLASHER?

I DON'T THINK SO. BUT HE WAS DEFINITELY TALKING OUT OF BOTH SIDES OF HIS ASS.

I'M GONNA SEND YOU TO CHECK OUT THIS DELGADO GUY.

"...IMMERSIVE EDUCATIONAL SLEEPOVER FOR TEEN MERCENARIES AND ASSASSINS"?

5:42 PM

FULTON COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

TERMINUS EXTENSION.

SINN! *SHERIFF TONI SINN!*

I'M LOOKING FOR THE SHERIFF.

AND YOU *FOUND* HER.

MOTHERFUCKIN' *MR. POOK.* YOU'RE WANTED ON, WHAT... HUNDRED, HUNDRED FIFTY CHARGES OF MILITARY-GRADE ARMS TRAFFICKING?

HOW DUMB YOU GOTTA BE TO WALK IN FRONT OF ME, SHITBIRD?

PROBABLY RETARDED, UNLESS I HAD SOMETHIN' TO GIVE. WHICH I DO.

*PFFT.* I ALREADY GOT HPV.

BUT WHAT YOU DON'T HAVE IS CREDIBILITY. THIS DEPARTMENT? SHIT, ALL LAW ENFORCEMENT IN TERMINUS?

YOU'VE BEEN HANDING OVER THE JOB TO FREELANCE BAGGERS FOR YEARS. TO CLOWNFACE *SPECIFICALLY.*

AND WHAT'S THAT GOTTEN YOU RECENTLY, SHERIFF?

A WHOLE LOTTA DEAD PEOPLE, ***DEKALD WAREHOUSES*** IN RUINS, AND ***ANTONIO SCORSESE*** REAL PISSED OFF THAT SOMEONE DAMN NEAR POPPED HIS WIFE, BABE.

RIGHT. NOW THIS?

THIS IS ***CASSANDRA "CASSIE" HACK*** AND HER ASSOCIATE VLAD... NOTHING. JUST ***VLAD.***

THEY'RE WANTED IN ASSOCIATION WITH OVER FIFTY MURDERS ACROSS FIFTEEN STATES. GRISLY SHIT. KIDS IN SUMMER CAMP KINDA STUFF.

HOLD ON. LEMME GUESS. YOU'RE ABOUT TO SAY YOU SAW THESE VERY OUT-OF-TOWNERS EARLIER TODAY AND BASED ON WHAT YOU OVERHEARD THEM SAY, YOU HAPPEN TO ALSO HAVE A GOOD SENSE OF WHERE THEY'RE HEADING.

SO, IF I KNOCK SOME OF THOSE COUNTY CHARGES OFF YOUR RAP...

...YOU'LL HELP ME BRING IN A NATIONWIDE MENACE AND VALIDATE MY WHOLE GODDAMN EXISTENCE.

"NO BAGGAS NEEDED, SHERIFF!"

KISS IT

ALL RIGHT, FUCK IT.

5:52 PM

HEY, *POPS.*

I KNOW I AIN'T EXACTLY THE SENTIMENTAL TYPE. I DON'T EVEN FUCK WITH ANY KIND OF AFTERLIFE. YOU DEAD, YOU DEAD. BUT, SHIT...

THAT'S EXACTLY THE PROBLEM.

I GOT THIS FEELIN', MAN. JUST HANGIN' OVER ME LIKE A CLOUD. I GOT NO WAY TO DESCRIBE IT, BUT IT'S LIKE THAT SHIT THEY SAY ABOUT SOMEONE STEPPIN' OVER MY GRAVE.

LIKE THERE'S SOMETHIN' COMIN'. SOMETHIN' ***BEYOND*** ME.

AND YOU, YOU SOFT OL' BASTARD... YOU'D SAY THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' SUPERNATURAL ABOUT THAT.

THAT FEELING IS ***RESPONSIBILITY*** TO SOMEONE OTHER THAN MYSELF.

I'M JUST NOT USED TO IT, 'CUZ I AIN'T NEVER GAVE A SHIT ABOUT NOTHIN' BUT THE JOB.

YOU'D SAY ***I WISH*** WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF WAS GHOSTS 'N' GOBLINS 'CUZ THAT'D MAKE MORE GODDAMN SENSE.

YOU ***WOULD*** SAY THAT. BUT YOU AIN'T HERE.

YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA BE HERE AGAIN...

♪YOU WON'T HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KNOWIN'♫ ♪THE HURT BEHIND THE FACE OF--♪

WHAT?

CLOWNFACE. IT'S **BLACK ANGUS.** WE AIN'T FRIENDS...

NO SHIT. I MADE YOU A LEFTY FOR LIFE.

*HEH.* WELL, MAYBE IT'S 'CUZ I'M HIGH... AS FUCK. BUT I FIGURED I'D HIT YOU UP.

SOMEONE CAME SNIFFIN'... AROUND FOR YOU, MACK.

IT'S *BAGGER CODE* THAT I LET YOU KNOW. SIMPLE PROFESSIONAL... COURTESY. PLUS?

AIN'T NO FUN... IF YOU AIN'T FEELIN' *SCARED.*

*HEY, "ANUS"?*

GO FUCK YOURSELF.

CREEEK

TIK

SHHH

5:58 PM

HURR.

5:59 PM

STUDENTS. *STUDENTESSE!*

*ASCOLTARE.* THE TIME FOR FRATERNIZING IS OVER. THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU WILL SOMEDAY BE YOUR COMPETITION AT BEST, YOUR MORTAL ENEMIES IF YOU DO THE JOB RIGHT.

IT IS *SIX O' CLOCK...*

"...THE FACILITY IS NOW COMPLETELY LOCKED DOWN."

*AH SHIIIIIIT.*

WE'LL BE BREAKING INTO SMALLER GROUPS NOW TO BETTER FACILITATE YOUR IMMERSIONS. ***GROUP ONE,*** REPORTING TO "MASKS AND INTIMIDATING PRESENCES," IS ***JENNIE, WYNN NORSKI*** AND ***LOURDES BENES.***

SHNK

***GROUP TWO,*** FOR "HISTORY & EVOLUTION," IS ***LINDA RANE, JACKSON DELTORO...***

...AND ***PANDA CARMEN MARIA DELGADO.***

HEEEEEY, *PAPI.*

*DEVI RECORDARE, GIOVANI...*

"WHAT YOU WILL LEARN HERE IS THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS FRIENDS.

"THERE ARE ONLY BOUNTIES, SOURCES AND COMPETITORS.

Intimidating Presences

"YOU WILL ALSO LEARN THAT NOTHING IN THIS BUSINESS; NOT A PUNCH, A KNIFE WOUND OR A BULLET HOLE, IS ***PERSONAL...***

"...UNTIL IT IS."

TUNA TRAP...

PANDA.

TO BE CONTINUED...

image

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DEC

# HACK/SLASH

# BROTHERS IN BLOOD BAGS

20 BLOODY YEARS
2004-2024

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## PART TWO: "AFTER DUSK"

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6:02 PM

TERMINUS, GEORGIA.

THE HELL'S THIS HAPPY HORSE SHIT?

CURRENT RESIDENCE: MACK DELGADO. ELITE BODYBAGGER.

YOU SERIOUSLY THOUGHT YOU COULD GET THE DROP ON ME? *ME?*

*HURRR... WAIT... HURRR... LOOKING FOR... HURRR.*

YOU SOUND LIKE DARTH VADER HUFFIN' KRYLON, MOTHERFUCKER! I HEARD YOU FROM A WEEK AWAY!

*HURR...*

I DON'T KNOW THE MASK. YOU MUST BE SOME OUTTA TOWN TALENT. AND I USE THAT TERM LIGHT--

AKA "CLOWNFACE."

*RRAHH!*

SLASH

OH.

OH NOW YOU DONE IT, DARTH. NOW YOU BROUGHT *THE FORCE.*

MY MASK--

HNF!

KRAK

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A BAGGER LESSON...

HURRHK URRF...

URR URR!

"...THEY DON'T EVEN TEACH OVER AT 'FINISHING OFF SCHOOL.'"

6:03 PM

SCHOOL FOR THE CONTRACTUAL ARTS.

*WELCOME TO YOUR TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR IMMERSIVE EDUCATION LOCK-IN, STUDENTS!*

I'M **TONY MAVERICK.** AS PART OF MY COURT-MANDATED SERVICE, MY HOLOGRAM WILL ACT AS YOUR TOUR GUIDE TO THE **HISTORY AND EVOLUTION OF BODYBAGGING,** WHILE YOUR CLASSMATES PURSUE OTHER ACTIVITIES.

LET'S JUMP RIGHT IN, JUST LIKE MY BELOVED CHARACTER **BRICK RAGEHEART** WOULD!

=AHEM=

BOUNTY HUNTING FIRST CAME TO GEORGIA...

HISTORY CLASS.

HOMIES, WE STRUCK THE FUCK OUT.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, **PANDA?**

LOOK, I DIDN'T WANNA DO THIS SHIT AT ALL. BUT, IF I GOTTA GO TA SCHOOL...

...AT THE VERY LEAST THEY COULD SET US UP WITH SOME HARDBOILED ACTION SO I CAN POP SOME FOOLS...

...AND FLASH MY SPANKIES.

...**BILLY THE KID** FOLLOWED HIS ARCHNEMESIS **MARSHALL WYATT EARP** TO HIS HOMETOWN OF **GRIFFIN, GEORGIA...**

THAT'S WHAT OUR BOY **JACKSON,** HERE, WANTS TOO, DONCHA?

UH.

ACTION IS GOOD. NO DOUBT.

BUT WE'RE ENTERIN' A FIELD WITH A STORIED AND PROUD PAST.

AH'M YOUNG. AH'VE GOT PLENTY A' TIME TO KILL--

AH WANT TO KNOW WHAT AH'M BLEEDIN' FOR.

...AND THE MARSHALL INSTEAD *HIRED* THE KID TO HELP HUNT DOWN *COUNT DRACULA*...

HOW'D YOU LOSE THE HAND?

ROGUE *WOLFSPIDER.* GOT IT STUCK JAMMIN' AN IED INTO HIS MANDIBLES.

COOL.

HEY! DAT'S NOTHIN'! I GOT SHOT BY A BIG LEOPARD-PRINT BELUGA-BITCH AN' IT TOOK A HUNK A MEAT THE SIZE OF A FILET MIGNON!

LIKE... A T-BONE EVEN.

JACKSON?

OKAY, NO SLASHERS YET, *VLAD.*

BUT I MOST DEFINITELY JUST WITNESSED A MURDER. *WOOF.*

CALL ME BACK. AS LONG AS I'M LOCKED IN WITH THEM, I'M GONNA KEEP AN EYE ON ALL THESE WANNABE KIDS. PROBABLY WATCH MY BACK TOO--

"THE KIDS MIGHT BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN ANY SLASHER."

6:06 PM

IDENTITY CONCEALMENT IS BUT ONE REASON FOR A MASK.

A PROPER COSTUME CAN ALSO ACT AS AN IMPORTANT WEAPON IN A BAGGER'S REPERTOIRE.

IT CAN STRIKE FEAR.

IT CAN CAUSE CONFUSION.

IT CAN AID SEDUCTION.

FOR THIS NEXT EXERCISE, YOU WILL EMBODY A CHARACTER. YOU WILL CREATE A PERSONA...

REMIND YOU OF ANYBODY?

"HEEEY, *PAPI*. THREE CHEERS FOR MY BIG FAT POM POMS!"

DID YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WANTED TO ASK, *LOURDES?*

OH. *UH.* NO, MRS. IRIS! JUST LOOKIN'!

*AH SÍ.* THE "CHEERLEADER" UNIFORM. A CONFLICTED SOCIAL CONTEXT EXPRESSING BOTH YOUTHFUL INNOCENCE AND RAW SEXUALITY. DISTINCTLY ***AMERICAN.***

AN INTERESTING CHOICE, ***MS. BENES.***

YOUR ASSIGNMENT IS TO EMBODY ITS CONCEPTUAL DISSONANCE AS WELL AS MS. DELGADO DOES.

OH. *UH.* SHO.

FAIL...AND BE PADDLED.

Changing Room

*HNH.* CHEERLEADER.

DELGADO.

DADDY! HIT THE FLOOR!

*GROOM*

*BLAM*

SSSKANK.

YOU KILL ME BAD, *TUNA TRAP...*

I KILL YOU ***WORSE.***

6:07 PM

IT'S BEEN A HANDFUL A' MINUTES, AND YOU STILL ALIVE, BOY. YOU'VE DONE THIS *JARABE TAPATIO* BEFORE.

SO WHAT'S THE DEAL? IF YOU'RE SOME BIG-NAMER, HOW COME YOU'RE DUMB ENOUGH TO GET SPOTTED BY A TURD LIKE ***BLACK ANGUS?***

SHANG

GNF!

HRRMF!

THOK

SLSH

OH, YOU CAN THROW THEM BLADES TOO. NICE.

I CAN DO YOU ONE BETTER.

RAAAHG!

KLK

EEEEEEEE

KATHOOM

HRRMFGH!

HNH. MAYBE YOU WAS SOME DIXIE MAFIA MOTHERFUCKER, LOOKIN' TO CUT IN ON THIS HERE TERMINUS GAME.

OR MAYBE YOU'RE THE REVENANT WHO WALKED ACROSS THE GRAVE...

COMIN' TA DRAG ME DOWN TO THE FIRE FOR ALLA MY SINS.

RAAAGHN!

KROOSH

--WHEN TERMINUS MAYOR JOHN WILKES BOOTH INSTATED THE CANEBREAK GENTLEMEN'S BOUNTY CLUB--

QUALITY ENGINEERING.

IT CAN GRIP AS HARD...

...OR AS SOFT AS NECESSARY.

--AN INSTITUTION RESPONSIBLE FOR LEGENDARY BAGGINGS LIKE "BLACK BART" BOLES AND THE NOTORIOUS FRENCH THIEF FANTOMAS...

Y'KNOW WHY I DON'T GIVE A FLYIN' FUCK ABOUT HISTORY?!

HUH?

BECAUSE! THE PAST IS DEAD AND OVA'! BUT I'M ALIVE AS FUCK!

I DON'T NEED YESTERDAY 'CUZ I'M THE FUTURE! I'M THE DAUGHTER OF MOTHERFUCKIN' CLOWNFACE!

I'M PANDA CARMEN MARIA DELGADO AND Y'ALL BITCHES BEST PUT RESPECT ON THE NAME!

DELGADO.

O... KAY.

STUDENTESSE!

MRS. IRIS? WE WERE JUST WATCHING THE PRESENTATION--

STUDENTESSE! STATE TUTTE BENE?

WHEN SHE'S FREAKED OUT, SHE GOES FULL ITALIAN. IT'S LOURDES...

"WE WERE SUPPOSED TO PRESENT OUR NEW IDENTITIES. BUT LOURDES DIDN'T COME OUT OF THE CHANGING ROOM.

"WE FOUND HER. IT WAS LIKE... LIKE IT ALL GOT SCOOPED OUT. HALF HER HEAD WAS JUST... GONE."

HALF HER HEAD? *HUH.*

LOOK, I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

*--IN 1963, GORDON PASK OPENED HIS* ***CYBERFUCK CLUB*** *IN TERMINUS' ART DISTRICT--*

SO PUT YOUR HORMONES AWAY AND--

THA' FUCK?!

DIS DA BASEBALL-BITCH THAT SMASHED LOURDES' HEAD IN!!

GAH!

SHE'S ONE OF THEM GOTH-VAMPIRE KILLER BITCHES!

WOK WOK WOK WOK WOK

AGHK!

GET AWAY! I'LL COVER YOU! RUN!

BATGIRL IS MINE!

THE LOCKOUT CODE IS CONNECTED TO MY BIOMETRICS. I CAN GET YOU ALL OUT OF THIS BUILDING.

VIENI CON ME!

WE'RE LEAVING PANDA BEHIND?

IT'S THE BAGGER WAY, RIGHT?

--LEADING TO A LIST OF PROFESSIONAL ETHICS AND COURTESIES KNOWN AS THE CODE...

BUT PANDA--

SHE CALLED IT.

YOU CALL A BODY, IT'S YOURS... UNTIL YOU'RE *DEAD.*

YOU SEE THAT? *PAP!* THINKS I'M A *HERO.*

THAT LIL' STRUTTIN' WHITE CYBER-HO AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ON ME NOW.

*HNH!*

I'MMA HAVE THAT BOY FOR BREAKFAST--

*YOU CRAZY BITCH!*

KRAK

*GYAH!*

KR-SH

I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU!

YOU HEARD ME SAY IT, AND YOU SOLD ME OUT TO IMPRESS A GUY ANYWAY?!

WHAT THE FUCK?

I'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR YEARS! *YEARS!* AND NO TEENAGE POTENTIAL VICTIM HAS EVER PUNCHED THE SHIT OUT OF ME FOR A DICK! NO MATTER HOW HORNY!

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

I'M... I'M SORRY.

I'M SO ALONE HERE. I--I GOT SCARED.

=SIGH=

HERE. NOW, LISTEN, BECAUSE I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THE REAL SCHOOLING YOU NEED--

TT.

BOOM, BITCH! TWAT-TASTROPHE!

WOK

HEY GUYS! I'M COMIN'! I SAVED THE DAY, JACKSON!!

AND, OH LOOK, I TORE MY OUTFIT!

--IN THE EVENT OF MULTIPLE BAGGERS UNKNOWINGLY CLAIMING A BODY, THERE WILL BE A BOUNTY SPLIT...

...AND FINALLY, CODE 18.3...

FIGHTING ITSELF FOLLOWS NO RULES, SO EVERYTHING IS ON THE TABLE, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO TITTY-TWISTERS, COCK-LOCKS, AND CUNT-PUNCHES.

I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE.

SHIT, MAN. THIS IS THE SECOND HIDEY HOLE I'VE HAD GO UP IN A MONTH.

LANDLORDS ARE GONNA START WONDERIN'.

HNH?

NOW I HAVE TO TAKE THAT SECURITY DEPOSIT OUTTA YOUR ASS--

6:26 PM

PANDA.

YOU SONNOVA--

YOU BROKE MY MASK, SMILEY MAN.

HAHA

HURRRRR... I CAN SPEAK AGAIN.

MY NAME IS NOT "SONNOVA."

IT IS *VLAD.*

I DO NOT WORK FOR THIS BLACK ANGUS. I AM LOOKING FOR A MAN CALLED "EDGELORD."

YOU KNOW HIM, ***MR. DELGADO.*** THE MEDICINE-EATING BULL MAN SAID SO.

SHIT. OF COURSE HE DID. HE CAN'T GET OFF THE COUCH, SO HE FIGURED MAYBE YOUR BIG UGLY ASS WOULD DO ME IN FOR HIM.

HM. YES. WE HAVE BEEN, AS THEY SAY... PLAYED.

I KNEW EDGE. WE HAD A FALLING-OUT.

BECAUSE HE WAS A MURDERER WHO THOUGHT HE WAS RIGHTEOUS?

NAH. 'CUZ HE FELL IN LOVE WITH OUR BOSS. HARD. I MEAN, IT'S ENOUGH THAT CISCO IS THE UGLIEST CHICK I'D EVER SEEN...

BUT SHE WAS OUR AGENT. SHE HOOKED UP OUR GIGS, WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR CASH--AND THIS MOTHER-FUCKER WAS SAYING HE'D DIE FOR HER AND SHIT.

IT GOES AGAINST THE BAGGER CODE TO LOVE SOMETHIN' IN THE GAME THAT MUCH. IT AIN'T DONE.

IT'S... IT'S DANGEROUS.

SHIT.

EDGELORD *WAS* DEAD. NOW HE IS NOT. HE HAS BEEN ATTACKING TEENAGERS. THOSE HE CALLED CRIME-DOERS. HE DID IT HERE, IN TERMINUS, AT A CEMETERY, YES?

IS IT POSSIBLE HE WOULD COME FOR YOU?

ROMEO MOTHERFUCKER WOULD COME FOR *CISCO* FIRST AND SHE'S DEADER 'N--

*HIJO DE PUTA.*

SOMEONE STEPPING OVER A GRAVE... THAT FEELIN'...

"IT WASN'T *MY* GRAVE."

6:51 PM

*HEEEY! PAPI!* YOUR SOOPAHERO RETURNS!

I SENT THAT SPOOKY BITCH PACKIN'!

NOW, I THOUGHT WE WERE GETTIN' THE FUCK OUTTA THIS STOOPID SCHOOL.

WHATCHOO ALL DOIN' STANDIN' AROUND?

WHERE'S THE FANCY SPAGHETTI BITCH?

MRS. IRIS O'WHATEVA--

OH.

HALF HER HEAD. LIKE LOURDES.

WHY IS THAT NOTE SPELLED ALL SHITTY LIKE A FOURTH GRADER DID IT?

IT TAKES THEM A BIT TO GET THEIR BRAINS TOGETHER.

AND IF PANDA WILL REFRAIN FROM JUMPING UP MY ASS AGAIN, I CAN FINISH...

SLASHERS ARE USUALLY OFF-KILTER RIGHT AFTER THEY COME OUT OF THE GRAVE. ALL THEY KNOW IS THEIR BLOOD MAKES THEM KILL.

BUT EVENTUALLY, THEY GET THEIR SHIT TOGETHER. THEY KEEP KILLING, BUT NOW THEY CAN DELIVER A MESSAGE.

I'D SAY THIS IS HIS.

NOT *HIS.*

HERS.

I SHOT CISCO AND TOOK OFF HALF HER UGLY HEAD. AND NOW SHE'S COMIN' FOR ME TO DO THE SAME TO ME AND EVERYONE AROUND ME. HOW DA FUCK?

ANOTHER SLASHER. WE CHASED HIM HERE TO TERMINUS. HE MUST HAVE BROUGHT HER BACK WITH HIS BLOOD.

SHE'LL KILL EVERYONE HERE...

...UNLESS WE STOP HER.

HERE.

FUCK DAT. GIMME DA BAT.

FINE.

WE COOL?

GHK!

FUCK NO!

YOU BROUGHT YO' SPOOKY SHIT TO TERMINUS! THIS IS *ALL YOUR FAULT!*

WOK

6:57 PM

WE ARE NOT THE SAME KIND OF MAN, MR. DELGADO.

YOU ARE A KILLER. I AM *KILLER* OF KILLERS. BUT I SAW THIS PHOTO.

I THINK WE BOTH CARE FOR SOMEONE MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

THE PROBLEM WITH MY SOMEONE IS THAT THE BIGGEST DANGER TO HER-- IS *HERSELF.*

...

LOOK, I AIN'T HERE TO SWAP HAND JOBS, VLAD. SO I'LL JUST SAY THIS...

TAKIN' YOUR PIECE-O'-SHIT RIDE WAS A GOOD IDEA.

*DA BOSS* WOULD JUST ATTRACT THE WRONG KIND OF ATTENTION.

LOOKS LIKE POOK CAME THROUGH. "THE KILLER KILLER" IS IN TERMINUS.

SO LET'S GO GET US SOME *CREDIBILITY.*

NEXT! THE LONG RIDE TO MIDNIGHT!

# HACK/SLASH

# BODY BAGS

image

3
DEC

BAD MOTHER FUCKER

20 BLOODY YEARS
2004-2024

# HACK/SLASH: BODY BAGS

## "ONE NIGHT IN TERMINUS"
## PART THREE: "MIDNIGHT RUN"

SCRIPT BY
**TIM SEELEY**

ART BY
**STEFANO CASELLI**
WITH **STEVE KURTH**

COLOR BY
**KURT MICHAEL RUSSELL**
**AND SARAH MITRACHE**

LETTERS BY
**CRANK!**

COVER A BY
**TIM SEELEY**
**CARLOS BADILLA**

COVER B BY
**STEVE KURTH**
**CARLOS BADILLA**

CREATED IN
ASSOCIATION WITH:
**THE JASON PEARSON ESTATE**
**& 12-GAUGE STUDIOS**

12-GAUGE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JASON PEARSON, CREATOR OF BODY BAGS.

"D.I.P. (DRAW IN PEACE)
AT LEAST IN HEAVEN, THERE ARE NO ERASERS OR DEADLINES."

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THE SCHOOL FOR THE CONTRACTUAL ARTS.

TERMINUS, GEORGIA.

7:02 PM

LOOK, A ***SLASHER*** IS UNDEAD LIKE A VAMPIRE OR ZOMBIE OR WHATEVER VIDEO GAME THING YOU GUYS ARE INTO. EXCEPT IT HAS A VERY SPECIFIC FOCUS.

SERIAL-KILLING TEENAGERS, ESPECIALLY GOOD-LOOKING ONES AT LOCK-IN SLEEPOVERS--THAT'S YOU GUYS--AND ANYONE WHO GETS IN THEIR WAY--THAT'S YOUR TEACHER.

BUT YOU'RE IN LUCK.

I'M ***CASSIE HACK.*** THE ***SERIAL KILLER KILLER.***

I'VE BEEN BASHING THESE THINGS FOR ***YEARS.*** I'M A PROFESSIONAL.

I CAN TAKE OUT THIS HALF-HEADED BITCH AND GET YOU OUT OF HERE ALIVE.

BUT TO DO THAT... *HNH*... I'M GOING TO NEED TO ***NOT*** GET KICKED IN THE CROTCH AGAIN.

SO PLEASE TELL ME THE REST OF YOU AREN'T COMPLETE FUCKING PSYCHOS LIKE ***PANDA!***

LOOK WHO'S TALKIN', *PUTA DE MIERDA.*

MY NAME IS *JENNIE.*

I'M AN EXCHANGE STUDENT FROM HONG KONG. I WOULD LIKE AN EDUCATION IN AMERICAN MURDER.

I BELIEVE *YOU* WILL DO.

I'M *WYNN.* I'M JUST HERE FOR THE LADIES, AND I REALLY PREFER THEM ALIVE. I'M DOWN WITH WHATEVER YOU SAY, MA'AM.

WHAT. EVER.

*LINDA.* THERE AIN'T NO HONOR AND NO REWARD IN GETTIN' SLICED UP BY SOMEONE THAT AIN'T EVEN YOUR TARGET.

WE WIN, OR WE'RE NOTHIN'.

I'M *JACKSON.* MY FAMILY REALLY WANTED ME TO DO SOMETHING ELSE WITH MY LIFE.

THEY'LL NEVER LET ME LIVE IT DOWN IF I DIE HERE. LEAD THE WAY.

GOOD. THIS KILLER'S GOT IT IN FOR PANDA. WHICH IS *FAIR.*

WE SHOULD PICK A DEFENSIBLE SPOT, AND WHEN *CISCO* COMES FOR HER, WE CAN MAKE A WALL WITH ANY WEAPONS IRIS DIDN'T TAKE.

THEN I'LL CARVE HER DEAD HEART OUT.

HMP.

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

OKAAAY! I GET IT! I OVERDID IT ON THE *PUSS-BOOTIN'*! STOP TRYNA MAKE ME *FEEL BAD!*

BLEEQRC

SERIOUSLY! TAKE A FUCKIN' TUMS OR SOMETHIN'!

YOU OKAY, LINDA?

"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS FRIENDS."

THAT WAS THE FIRST THING *MS. IRIS* SAID. AND NOW ALL OF A SUDDEN WE'RE SUPPOSED TO RISK *OURSELVES* FOR PANDA? AFTER SHE'S DONE NOTHIN' BUT PISS ON THE *CODE* AND FLASH HER SPANKIES?

NAH. THIS HERE'S A BODY-BAGGER TEST, AND AH AIM TO PASS IT.

QUESTION IS, FOR ALL Y'ALL...

...WILL *YOU?*

7:06 PM

DOWNTOWN TERMINUS.

HANDS *UP*, MOTHERFUCKER! LIFT THEM BIG MEAT HOOKS HIGH!

*SHERIFF SINN.* THOUGHT WE HAD A DEAL. UNLESS YOU 'N' ME GOT BUSINESS, YOU STAY OUTTA MINE.

AIN'T ABOUT YOU, MACK!

*NO-LAST-NAME VLAD,* HERE, IS WANTED FEDERALLY FOR MORE MURDERS THAN YOU COULD COMMIT IN TWO LIFETIMES.

WORTH A TON OF GOOD PRESS TO TPD!

NO SHIT?

NOT *MY* MURDERS. WELL. *SOME.* HRRM.

IMPRESSIVE AS THAT IS, I GOT AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT TO KEEP, AND IF THIS AIN'T ABOUT ME-- I'LL BE LEAVING.

VLAD? IT'S BEEN--

*REAL?!*

HURR.

HNF!

AHH! THE FUCK!

POK POK POK

YOU HAD VERY GOOD PLAN TO DISTRACT THEM, YES?

HUH?!

HA. FUNNY. THIS IS WHY YOU ARE CLOWNFACE.

RIGHT. I'M A BARREL OF FUCKIN' LAUGHS.

WOK

OOF!

WE BOTH HAVE PEOPLE WE CARE FOR MORE THAN EVERYTHING ELSE IN TROUBLE. AND WE HAVE NO TIME FOR THIS "HAPPY HORSE SHIT," YES?

YEAH. YEAH, MAN...

LEAD THE DAMN WAY.

I AM SORRY, OFFICER. BUT MAYBE YOU HAVE NOT HEARD...

...TERMINUS IS THE OLD WEST IN THE DIRTY SOUTH.

WOK

AND WE ARE DIRTY OUTLAWS, YES?

BEEP

MR. DELGADO!

I HAVE A MESSAGE FROM CASSANDRA ON MY PHONE.

IT IS TIME TO GO TO SCHOOL NOW--

MAN, YOU REALLY JUST DON'T *SEE*, DO YA?

YA DIDN'T SEE ME SELLIN' MY WARES OUT OF THE WAFFLE SHOP.

DON'T SEE HOW EASY I TRADED YOUR ASS TO THE SHERIFF FOR A "GET OUTTA JAIL FREE" CARD.

AND MOST OF ALL?

KNOW WHAT I SEE? I SEE *MR. POOK.* TERMINUS'S MOST CRACKED-OUT ARMS DEALER...

YOU CAN'T SEE THAT *MACK DELGADO* BEEN LOOKING FOR A REASON TO LEAVE YOUR ASS *HIGH AND DRY* SINCE THE MOMENT Y'ALL MET.

SHNG

I SEE YOU'RE GONNA GIVE VLAD *ANYTHING HE WANTS* OUT OF YOUR WEAPONS CACHE.

*GRATIS.*

...WHO WAS MAKIN' A DEAL WITH *MY* PERSONAL SHERIFF TO UNDERMINE OUR ARRANGEMENT.

WHAT *I* SEE IS THAT YOU'RE GONNA RUN FOR YOUR LIFE UNTIL SOME BAGGER HUNTS YOU DOWN.

BUT *BEFORE* THAT?

8:22 PM

THE POOL, HUH?

BIG. OPEN. DEFENSIBLE. GOOD IDEA.

YEAH. HMF.

UH... YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.

STRADDLE INJURY. THAT'S WHEN YOUR PUSSY IS FUCKIN' BROKE.

THE FEMALE ANATOMY *IS* DELICATE AND MYSTERIOUS.

COULD BE THAT.

OR... COULD BE THAT YOU LOOK AT TERMINUS, AT THIS SCHOOL, AND YOU SEE A BUNCH OF TEENAGE KILLERS IN ONE PLACE.

GIVEN AN EDUCATION. GIVEN ACCESS TO OTHERS LIKE THEMSELVES.

GIVEN A ***CHANCE.***

AND YOU WONDER WHY YOU, THE ***SERIAL KILLER KILLER,*** HAVE TO LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE CLOSE TO YOU ARE ALWAYS WORRIED YOU'LL GO ***TOO FAR.***

WHERE YOU'RE ALONE EVEN WHEN YOU'RE WITH OTHERS.

YOU CHARMING, MANIPULATIVE LITTLE FUCKER.

WHERE'S GODDAMN *PANDA?!*

SHE WENT WITH JACKSON.

WE TRIED TO STOP THEM, BUT--

*HNF!*

GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY WAY.

I KNEW IT, *PAPI*. I ***KNEW*** IT!

LIKE, NO WAY IN ***HELL*** WAS YOU GONNA CHOOSE THAT FLAT-ASSED WHITE BITCH OVA ***ME!***

I'M THE HOTTEST SHIT UP ***IN*** THIS MOTHA-FUCKA!

*SI*. IT'S LIKE YOU SAID, ***EVERYTHING ELSE*** IS HISTORY.

OH.

AND ***WE'RE*** ALIVE AS FUCK...

JACKSON? UH...

I AIN'T NEVER KISSED NOBODY BEFORE.

IT'S OKAY. JUST LET ME TAKE CONTROL...

STEP *AWAY* FROM THE CHEERLEADER, JACKSON!

*MIERDA!*

WHAT DA FUCK YOU THINK YOU DOIN'?!

THIS WAS A *SETUP!* THEY WERE GOING TO *DITCH* YOUR ASS BECAUSE CISCO WANTS *YOU!*

JACKSON WAS GOING TO LOCK YOU IN THE GODDAMN PUMP ROOM AND LEAVE YOU AS *BAIT!*

YOU JUS' PROJECTIN' 'CUZ YOU'RE THE WEIRD-ASS FREAK THAT NO ONE LIKES!

YOU GOTTA "SAVE" KIDS JUST TO GET 'EM TO HANG OUT WITCHOO!

*THINK,* PANDA! IRIS WAS JUST TEACHING YOU HISTORY AND "MASKS"!

JACKSON DOESN'T LIKE YOU! HE DOESN'T WANT YOU! HE THINKS YOU'RE CRAZY AND UNSTABLE AND DANGEROUS! IT ISN'T ALWAYS A GODDAMN SMILEY FACE BALACLAVA!

*THIS* IS THE "BODY-BAGGER MASK," PANDA! *THIS!*

JACKSON, THAT AIN'T TRUE, RIGHT?

AIIIEEEEEEEE!

YOU WANNA KNOW THE TRUTH? I NEVER HAD ANYTHING AGAINST TEENAGERS.

EVEN WHEN THAT LIL' *TUNA TRAP* SHOT ME IN MY BEAUTIFUL KISSER, IT WASN'T *PERSONAL.*

PLEASE. DON'T. I CAN PAY--

BUT THEN MY *EDGELORD* GAVE ME HIS *HEART.* IT WAS FULL OF LIGHT AND A PROFOUND SENSE OF JUSTICE.

OH LORD. OH JESUS.

IT WAS FULL OF *LOVE* FOR HIS *VALENTINE.* AND TO MAKE IT BEAT FOREVER...

THUTCH

...I JUST GOTTA FEED IT HOT, STICKY *YOUNG BLOOD.*

BACK THE FUCK OFF, *MONSTRUO!*

*HMPH!*

JUS' IN TIME, YOU FAT TUB OF LIQUID SHIT!

I WAS LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' TO FUCK UP!

SPLAK

*MM. EDGELORD* WANTED ME TO TAKE VENGEANCE ON YOU, TUNA TRAP. THE THOUGHT OF IT...

...IS REALLY MAKING MY HEART RACE...

TMP TMP TMP

BLEGH!

SPLFF

THE HEART. IT BROUGHT HER BACK FROM THE DEAD.

SYLUK

PLOP

"HAPPY FUCKIN' VALENTINE'S DAY," BITCH.

NOW GIVE ME BACK MY GODDAMN BAT.

YES, MA'AM.

BEEP BEEP

VLAD.

CASSANDRA. THE BIG MEN ARE HERE!

YOU MISSED CLASS. I GOT CISCO. NOW GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

SKWIT

OH. HI, CISCO.

TMP TMP TMP TMP TMP TMP TMP

YOU THOUGHT I PUT EDGELORD'S HEART IN MY CHEST?

HONEY, I'M MORE *CEREBRAL*...

CASSANDRA?

THE HELL'S GOIN' ON IN THERE?! SHIT'S LOCKED UP TIGHTER'N ALCATRAZ!

SHE SAID "CISCO."

YES. WHEN MR. POOK SHOWED ME HIS WARES, GRATIS, I ASKED FOR SOMETHING I HAD SEEN OF YOURS, CLOWNFACE.

KLK

OH, *JESUS CHRISTO*. THE GRAVE... CISCO WALKED OVER MINE ON THE WAY TO PANDA.

WE NEED TO ***GET IN***, AND I MEAN FUCKIN' YESTERDAY!

I HAD BIG KNIFE-ENVY, YES?

KATHOOM

BOY, YOU GOT TO GET THE HELL OUT! DIS BITCH WENT FULL *VOORHEES!*

BESIDES ALL OF HIS HOT LOVE, I CAN ALSO FEEL EDGE'S COLD HATE. FOR YOU, CASSIE-HONEY...

SPLUK

*JACKSON?!*

AND FOR ALL THESE EVIL LITTLE SHIT-STAINS! KINDA FUNNY, RIGHT?

I HIRED ALL THESE MEN FOR THE JOB. *EDGE. JANUS. ANGUS. MACK.*

AND THE BEST PERSON FOR BAGGING BODIES...

WAS *ME.*

YOU'RE IN A GODDAMN SCHOOL, CISCO.

AND YOU STILL AIN'T LEARNED *SHIT.*

SHLAK

OH, MACK. I LEARNED PLENTY. I LEARNED LIFE IS SO MUCH BETTER WHEN YOU AREN'T WORRIED ABOUT MONEY.

AND THAT THERE'S NOTHING MORE FUN...

...THAN REVENGE.

HURR. NO. NOT TODAY.

THEN TOMORROW. OR THE DAY AFTER THAT. IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME, HANDSOME.

TMP TMP TMP

GHUH.

SPLUK

I'M DEAD FOREVER.

GHK. GHTTTTTT...

THIS HEART WAS FUCKIN' WIT' YO' BRAIN, CISCO.

HOW DUMB YOU GOTTA BE TO TURN YOUR BACK ON A BACKSTABBIN' HO LIKE ME?!

PLP

I'D SAY THANK YOU FOR THE HAND, BUT YO' ASS WASN'T USIN' IT ANYWAY.

LORDY JESUS.

DAD-DEEEE! "FINISHING-OFF SCHOOL" IS OUTTA SESSION.

CAN WE GO HOME NOW?

11:51 PM

A BURNED-OUT BASEMENT. YOU SURE YOU WANNA GET OUT HERE?

THE PAD DON'T MATTER. HOME IS WHERE *DA BOSS* IS.

WELL, IT'S BEEN REAL. SO, LOOK, PANDA-- =AHEM= ABOUT WHAT I SAID BACK THERE... ABOUT YOU AND--

FUUUUUCK YOU, SPOOKY COOCH.

VLAD. YOU'RE... YOU'RE A TOUGH MOTHER-FUCKER.

YES. YOU ARE AS WELL.

AND... AND YOU... YOU GOT A THING ABOUT YOU.

REAL SIMPLE. YOU KNOW YOU GOT A RESPONSIBILITY TO SOMEONE AND YOU'RE PROUD OF IT.

YOU... YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE I LOST.

*VAYA CON DIOS, HERMANO.*

WELL, THEN, WHERE DO YOU LIVE, LINDA?

O.J. SIMPSON'S CRATER. THE OTHER SIDE.

CRATER. JESUS.

I HATE THIS FUCKING TOWN.

WHERE TO NOW, DOGGY-DADDY?

WELL, DEFINITELY NOT THE RITZ CARLTON. WE GONNA NEED SOME FAST SCRATCH...

♫YOU WON'T HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KNOWIN'♫
♫THE HURT BEHIND THE FACE OF--♫

YEAH.

CLOWNFACE. IT'S THE SHERIFF.

PFFT. YOU CALLIN' TO APOLOGIZE? YOU SEE HOW YOU JUST LOOK EVEN WORSE WHEN YOU TRY TO DO SOMETHIN' WITHOUT ME?

DON'T MOVE, GWEILO!

ABOUT THAT. GOT ANOTHER BOUNTY. BEYOND THE SCOPE OF MY DEPARTMENT CURRENTLY.

I NEED YOU TO BRING IN *NO-LAST-NAME VLAD* AND *CASSIE HACK*.

PREFERABLY NOT ALIVE.

SHIT, SINN. THAT'S...

MIDNIGHT.

LOVE OR DIE COUPLES THERAPY

BECAUSE SOME RELATIONSHIPS WEREN'T MEANT TO LAST FOREVER

HOW MUCH?

NEXT! DEADLINE AT DAWN!

image

4
APR

# HACK/SLASH

## BLOODY BRAGS

# HACK/SLASH: BODY BAGS

## "ONE NIGHT IN TERMINUS"
## PART FOUR: "FROM DAWN 'TIL DAY"

SCRIPT BY
**TIM SEELEY**

ART BY
**STEFANO CASELLI**
WITH **STEVE KURTH**

COLOR BY
**KURT MICHAEL RUSSELL**

LETTERS BY
**CRANK!**

COVER A BY
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COVER B BY
**KALMAN ANDRASOFSZKY**

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**Eric Stephenson** – Publisher & Chief Creative Officer
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1:48 AM

HAPPY LATE NIGHT, TERMINUS. HERE'S THE HEADLINES FOR THOSE OF YOU STILL AWAKE AND UP TO NO GOOD.

AN ADDITIONAL BODY FOUND AT **CARPENTER PARK CEMETERY** HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS **MAURICE EDGAR**, AKA EDGELORD.

PFFH.

AKA "FUCK THAT GUY."

EDGAR WAS A **BODY BAGGER** BEFORE BECOMING A "MAGISTRATE" CRIME FIGHTER. HE WAS LAST SEEN ALIVE ALMOST SIX YEARS AGO.

ALSO TONIGHT, TERMINUS PD IS TAKIN' SHIT AFTER A MASSIVE STING EARLIER THIS EVENING FAILED TO NAB A KNOWN **FEDERAL FUGITIVE** KNOWN AS **NO LAST NAME VLAD**...

HURR HURR HURR.

NICE ONE.

BUMP

...AND FINALLY, ALL REGIONAL **AWFFLE HOUSE** LOCATIONS ARE OFFERING THE ALL NEW "WORLD DESTROYER" MEAL GUARANTEED TO WRECK YOUR UNIVERSE!

HEY, **LINDA.** BEFORE WE DROP YOU OFF, I SHOULD ASK...

...YOU GOOD?

GOOD? WELL, ALL THE OTHER STUDENTS IN MY CLASS ARE DEAD, SO... JUST A WHOLE LOTTA **SURVIVOR'S GUILT.**

BUT I GUESS I OUGHTA BE USED TO THAT.

WHEN I WAS A KID, O.J. SIMPSON SET OFF A NUKE HE MADE IN PRISON SHOP AND TURNED MY NEIGHBORHOOD INTO A CRATER OF VOLCANIC GLASS...

BORG BABES
CUM GET SOME
1-800-SEX-ROBOTS

Why choose Him or the Bear when you can choose the
PEEN MACHINE
1-800 PEENMAN

TURN HERE.

STOP

SEEING IT UP CLOSE LIKE THAT... THE BACKSTABBING AND THE CRUELTY.

I... I DON'T THINK I WANNA BAG BODIES NO MORE.

SOLID PLAN. MAYBE YOU CAN HELP KIDS WITH DISABILITIES? ADVOCATE FOR PEOPLE WITH PROSTHETICS. BE A ROLE MODEL.

OH. NO. *EW.*

I WAS THINKING OF GOING INTO TECH. CRYPTO. YEAH. THAT'S THE TICKET.

OF FUCKING COURSE.

*HRRM.* A CAR IS COMING UP ON US. VERY FAST.

WAIT--ISN'T THAT CLOWNFACE'S CAR? *BIG BOSS* OR WHATEVER?

IT IS *DA* BOSS.

*HURRM.* DID YOU LEAVE SOMETHING AT PANDA AND MACK'S HOUSE--?

VLAD!

OH, GOD 'N' JESUS, PLEASE.

HURR! I CANNOT, CASSANDRA... I--

KRUNCH

THRUMP

FUCK ME IN THE FUCKITY FUCK-- AAAAAAAH!

THERE, DADDY! THEY WENT OFF THE EDGE.

DAMN RIGHT. DA BOSS DON'T MISS. HOLD ON, PANDA.

DOWN WE GO!

VWOMP

HEY... DADDY? YOU KNOW HOW I WAS ALWAYS TALKIN' SHIT ABOUT ***CASSIE HACK*** AND KICKIN' 'ER IN DA POOSY AN' ALL?

WELL, LOOK, THE THING IS... DAT BITCH IS ***CRAZY,*** SHO'. BUT, SOME OF THE SHIT SHE SAID TO ME BACK AT "FINISHING OFF SCHOOL..."

ABOUT PEOPLE LIKE US, YA KNOW... LIKE HOW BAD WE WANT SOMEONE TO BELIEVE IN...

HOW BAD WE WANT SOMEONE TO ***LOVE*** US...

IT'S JUS'... SHE WAS ***RIGHT.***

AN' I KNOW, YOU KINDA LIKED DAT GAS MASK-WEARIN' WEIRDO. SO...

...YOU ***SHO'*** WE DOIN' THE ***RIGHT*** THING HUNTIN' 'EM DOWN, AND SELLIN' 'EM OUT TO THE SHERIFF FO' CASH?

HOLD TIGHTER.

SHIT'S ABOUT TO GO SIDEWAYS.

THAT CRAZY MOTHER--

KRUNCH

POP

JEEZUS, DADDY!

RELAX. DA BOSS GOT MORE ***BATTLE ARMOR*** THAN ***HE-MAN.***

NOW GET YOUR GUN, GIRL.

DADDY NEEDS A NEW PAIR OF SHOES.

BRZZZZZ

CLOWNFACE! YOU *LIED!!*

SHZNNNG

NO I DIDN'T, VLAD. YOU *ARE* A TOUGH MOTHER-FUCKER. I'M JUST TOUGHER.

AND I GOT A JOB TO DO.

SLASH

HNH!

*NO.* I REMINDED YOU OF SOMEONE. ONE WHO UNDERSTOOD RESPONSIBILITY TO OTHERS.

TAK

HNF!

YEAH. YEAH, YOU REMIND ME OF *POPS.* OLDEST FRIEND I HAD. HE DIED NOT TOO LONG AGO. GAVE HIS LIFE FOR ME 'N' PANDA.

YOU GOT WHAT *HE* HAD. THAT SENSE OF *DUTY.*

I TRY. I TRY REAL HARD. BUT IT JUST AIN'T IN ME.

NOT GONNA LIE, MAN. I BEEN MISSIN' THAT... HIS *HEART.*

SHUK

SO, YEAH, YOU GOT TO ME. YOU FILLED A VOID IN MY DARK, BLACK SOUL FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

WOK

BUT, HERE'S THE THING, *HERMANO.*

KRAK

I GOT SOMETHIN' NOW. SOMETHIN' *BIG.*

*HNHN.*

BKOW

AND IT MEANS I AIN'T GONNA NEED YOU ANYWAY.

HNNH. SUMBITCH...

HOOOLA, LINDA. Y'KNOW WHAT "LINDA" MEANS IN ESPAÑOL?

KLK

IT MEANS "PRETTY." JUST LIKE YOU.

A *LINDA* WHITE BITCH WHO WENT OUTTA HER WAY TO FUCK ME OVA BACK AT SCHOOL.

I LET IT SLIDE 'CUZ CASSIE AND VLAD WERE THERE.

BUT IT'S JUST YOU 'N' ME NOW.

HNNGH!

KRRRAK

YOU!

OH, MUTHA-FUCKA.

I PUT UP WITH YOUR *SHIT!* YOUR *CRAPPY* LIL' ATTITUDE!

BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU *GOT IT!* THAT UNDERNEATH ALL THAT SHIT YOU *UNDERSTOOD!*

*YOU WILL NEVER PLEASE YOUR DAD!*

JUST LIKE I COULD NEVER BE WHAT MY *SERIAL KILLER MOM* WANTED *ME* TO BE!

I COULD *NEVER* BOIL MY BULLIES ALIVE LIKE SHE THOUGHT I SHOULD!

BUT THEN *HERE YOU ARE!* YOU SAW WHAT A *LIE* THIS "BAGGA-LIFE" IS! YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE TO TELL YOUR MASKED-PSYCHO PAPA TO FUCK OFF!

BUT *INSTEAD?!*

YOU'RE JUST HIS LITTLE ASS-KISSING, EVIL CLONE!

FUCK YOU, PANDA! FUCK YOUR DAD! *FUCK THIS GODDAMN TOWN!*

FWAK FWAK FWAK

HNH. LOOKIE HERE. TO DISPOSE OF BODIES, DADDY INSTALLED THIS...

IT'S A NICE LITTLE TRUNK TOXIC BATH FOR BOILIN' ENEMIES...

TSSSSS

SO, CASSIE. I GUESS DA QUESTION IS...

...ARE YOU SHO' YOU AIN'T JUST LIKE YO' MAMA?

HNH. BRO! GIVE IT UP!

HRRNH. I WILL WIPE STUPID SMILE OFF FACE--

CASSIE?!

CASSANDRA?!

GHUH!

I'LL FUCKING SHOW YOU HOW MUCH LIKE MY MOM I AM--HNF!

NO. YOU WILL NOT.

SHHH. YOU ARE NOT HER.

I'M...

STOP! GET OFF ME!

I HAVE TO SHOW HER!

SHOW THEM ALL--

CASSANDRA. PLEASE. YOU ARE NOT YOUR MOTHER.

AH--!

AH. AH, GOD.

SONOVVABITCH...

DADDY? WE GETTIN' THIS OVA WITH OR NOT?

*HNH.* YEAH. TAKE 'EM IN, GET OUR CASH, AND THEN WE ENJOY THE ***REAL*** ***PRIZE--***

*HUH?*

OH, FUCK ME.

VLAD. I'M SORRY... I JUST...

IT IS THE PLACE. IT GETS INSIDE. IT CORRUPTS. IT--

AIIEGGGH!

AH, YEAH.

NOW *THAT* SOUNDS LIKE TERMINUS.

IT'S SO GOOD TO BE HOME!

SHNK

THE HEART. DADDY. YOU TOOK EDGELORD'S HEART.

I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT WE COULD USE IT... ON ***POPS.***

DADDY. IT BROUGHT BACK CISCO... IT POISONED HER.

MADE HER HATE YOUNG PEOPLE.

***HNNF.*** GET ON IN THERE.

"IT MADE HER HATE THE LIVING."

HRAAAAAHHH!

AN ARMY OF SLASHERS!!

HURR. WHAT KIND OF HAPPY HORSE SHIT IS THIS?

SHANG

THESE STOOPID MOTHAFUCKAS STILL THINKIN' THEY GONNA GET PAID! *YOU DEAD,* BITCHES!

MAC... YOU GODDAMNED FOOL.

HOW ABOUT WE FOCUS ON GETTING THROUGH THIS WITH OUR ASSES INTACT?

BODY BAGGERS.

WHEN O.J. SKIPPED PRISON, EVERY MERC IN TERMINUS WAS ON HIS ASS.

AND THEN... KABOOM. NUKED ALONG WITH HALF OF THE BURBS.

PKOW PKOW

THE HEART MUST BE DESTROYED.

YOU 'N' ME DO THIS LIKE WE DID THE COPS...

GIVE THE GIRLS A PATHWAY TO THE "LEADER."

SOLID, PANDA!

ON IT, BIG DADDY! C'MON HACK! SHAKE THE DUST OUTTA THE BRUISED COOCHIE!

YEAH YEAH. GET YOUR SPANKIES OUTTA MY FACE, *CHARO.*

BOOM

SO WHAT NOW? YOU DA BIG TIME EXPERT AN' ALL DAT.

THIS SLASHER-BAGGER IS NEWLY REBORN. STILL SLOW ON HIS FEET AND WITH A KNIFE.

BOOM

OKAY, THEN IT'S MY TURN FOR SOME ADVICE! WHEN YOU GOT A BODY TO DISPOSE OF...

...GET 'IM TO DA BOSS--

GET IN CLOSE. DISARM HIM FULLY.

SPLSH

AND HIT DA SWITCHES!

SPLRBT

THE HEART IS GONE, YES?!

THE SLASHER-BAGGERS SHOULD NOT BE UN-ALIVE!

BAG THAT BODY.

WORTH MORE 'N' O.J., I BET.

WELL, VLAD, I PROMISE I'LL KILL YA BEFORE THEY EAT YOU ALIVE.

HURM. SAME.

FWUMP

OH MY GOD! WAS THAT FUCKED UP O' *WHAT?!*

WE WILL LEAVE.

WILL YOU FOLLOW?

AFTER POPS DIED, I FELT SOMETHIN' WALK OVER MY GRAVE. BUT THAT WASN'T NO GHOST. THAT WAS FEAR THAT I HAD SOMEONE I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF, AND I WASN'T UP TO THAT SHIT.

ON THE OTHER HAND, IT TURNS OUT THERE REALLY IS ALL KINDS OF SHIT OUT THERE WAITIN' TO CRAWL UP OUT OF ITS OWN GRAVE.

AN' I'D REALLY PREFER YOU AND CASSIE WERE THERE TO HANDLE IT.

GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE.

DADDY, DO I GOTTA GO BACK TO "FINISHING OFF SCHOOL" SO I DON'T EMBARRASS YOU OR WHATEVA?

NAH. YOU GOT WHAT YOU NEEDED TO GET TONIGHT.

BUT THE LESSONS AIN'T OVER QUITE YET.

2:37 AM

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. I CUT YOU OFF LAST TIME. YOU SAID YOU WERE CONCERNED ABOUT ME.

THAT I'VE BEEN IRREGULAR.

AND NOT IN A "I JUST ATE AT AWFFLE HOUSE" KIND OF WAY.

HURRM. YES.

YEAH. FAIR.

WELL, LOOK... WE HAD A ***THING,*** YOU AND ME. WE DROVE AROUND, WE KILLED SLASHERS... BUT THEN WE ***WON THE WAR.***

NOW, WE JUST FIGHT LITTLE SKIRMISHES. JUMP INTO STORIES THAT AREN'T OURS. AND I GUESS THE TRUTH IS...

...IT WASN'T ENOUGH TO TAME THE BEAST. I'M ANGRY. ALL THE TIME, VLAD. AT MY MOM. AT ***MYSELF.***

I ONLY KNOW HOW TO HANDLE IT BY AIMING IT AT SOMETHING IT'S OKAY TO HATE. BAD PEOPLE.

SO... YOU WANT TO STAY IN TERMINUS? BECOME A BODY BAGGER?

FUCK NO. I'M GONNA GET SOME THERAPY, POP SOME CBD AND TAKE A GODDAMN BREAK. AND YOU'RE GONNA JOIN ME, BUDDY. BUT FIRST...

AWFFLE HOUSE

...I'M HUNGRY.

LET'S GO GET OUR WORLD DESTROYED.

7:15 AM

WEST TERMINUS.

SNRRT.

SNRRRT.

ANGUS! HEY, BOY! WAKE YO' DUMB ASS UP! YOU GOT VISITORS AGAIN!

HNH?

HEY, "ANUS." NICE BAG O' PAIN-KILLERS.

TOO BAD IT'S NOT NEARLY ENOUGH FOR WHAT'S COMIN', BITCH.

OKAY, PANDA. FINAL LESSON OF "FINISHING OFF SCHOOL."

WHEN ANOTHER BAGGER TRIES TO GET YOU KILLED, YOU ONLY GOT *ONE* OPTION...

YOU GOTTA TAKE HIS *OTHER* HAND.

AAAAAAAGH!

END.

24 Hrs

BODY BAGS WILL RETURN.